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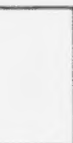
L'Ordre des frères mineurs (Franciscains)

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DEVOTION  
OF THE  
FIVE SUNDAYS

IN HONOUR OF THE  
Sacred Stigmata

OF  
OUR SERAPHIC FATHER ST. FRANCIS

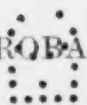
By Rev. Fr. Angel Mary Hiral, O. F. M.



Friary of the Sacred Stigmata  
QUEBEC.

1905

54




## APPROBATION

In as far as my powers allow me, I willingly grant permission that this little book, which does honour to the piety of its author, be printed. May it have a wide circulation and inspire everywhere love and veneration for the Stigmata of the Servant and the Wounds of the Master.

BR. COLUMBAN-MARY DREYER, O. F. M.

*Comm. Prov.*

Montreal, March 22th 1905.



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## IMPRIMATUR

† L.-N. ARCHB. OF QUEBEC.



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STIGMATIZATION OF ST. FRANCIS

*Painting venerated at the Convent of the  
Friars Minor, Quebec.*

## TO MY READERS

The love of Leo XIII. for St. Francis is a fact well known to us all. In the Bull *Auspicato* published by him on September 17th 1882, he declared, "... We glory in being on the roll of the Franciscan family ; and because, more than once we have, out of devotion, climbed with eagerness and joy the sacred heights of Alvernia. There, the image of the great man presented itself to us wherever we trod, and that solitude teeming with memories held our spirit rapt in silent contemplation.

" But, however praiseworthy this zeal may be, it is not enough ; it must be understood that the honours in preparation for St. Francis will be especially pleasing to him who is honoured, if they who pay them derive profit therefrom. Now their solid and lasting fruit is in the attaining some likeness to him whose eminent virtue is an object of admiration, and in endeavouring to improve by imitating him. If, with the help of God, this practice is zealously followed, an opportune and extremely efficacious remedy will have been found for the evils of the present time.

" And therefore it is that we wish...not only to convey to you the public testimony of our devotion to St. Francis, but moreover to excite your charity to labour with us for the salvation of man by means of the remedy we have just pointed out...."

In the same spirit, and to enable us to pay a debt of gratitude to our Seraphic Father St. Francis, as well as to spread the devotion to his sacred Stigmata, we offer these reflections and prayers to the many children and friends of the Seraph of Assisi, in the hope that their devotion will find in them fresh food, and their love, fresh ardour.

CONVENT OF THE SACRED STIGMATA

Quebec.

Feast of the Five Wounds of Our Lord,

March 11th 1904.

## INDULGENCES

In order to increase the devotion of Catholics for our Holy Father St. Francis, the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. granted certain Indulgences to all who should practise some devotion in honour of his S. Stigmata, on the five Sundays preceeding the Feast of the Impression of the S. Stigmata, September 17<sup>th</sup>, or on any five consecutive Sundays of the year.

These indulgences can be gained but once a year. A Plenary Indulgence is granted, on the usual conditions of confession and communion, a visit to a church, and the recital of some prayers for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff, for each of the five Sundays. (Rescript of the S. Congr. of Indulgences, November 21st, 1887.)



## OUR HOLY FATHER, St. FRANCIS

### FIRST SUNDAY

#### CONSIDERATION

Christ willed to make of St. Francis of Assisi His perfect imitator.

Forsaking all earthly goods, that he might more closely follow his Divine Master, Francis had sped swiftly on the path of evangelical perfection. He had formed his manner of life upon the pattern of the Gospel; he had found in Our Lord's example the most perfect model to copy and, following courageously the way that lay open before him, this man of great sanctity soon reached the highest summit of perfection. Deep humility, vigorous penance, strict poverty, invio-

lable purity, a burning love for God and for souls these were his characteristics.

Many were his imitators in his evangelical life. People flocked round St. Francis—men, carried away by love of poverty, begged to be allowed to join him; women, athirst for penance and purity, entreated to be cloistered with Clare of Assisi, that they might live, like her, in solitude and prayer; those who had ties that bound them to the world, sought to place themselves under obedience by the Rule of the Third Order which Francis had drawn up for such as they. The Poor man of Assisi had established three Orders, and his work, founded solely on the Gospel, was destined to endure for centuries and to give to God's Church a numerous company of saints.

His work was finished.

But God desired to manifest to the world, in the person of Blessed Francis, a miracle of His love. He would honour His servant with the sacred Stigmata of His own Passion, and Alverna was to become the Franciscan Calvary.

In the Appenines, between Arezzo and Florence, a steep rock rears its head; and at its base flow the Tiber and the Arno. This is mount Alverna. It belonged to Count Orlando, a friend of St. Francis, who gave it to the Seraphic Patriarch as a place of retirement. Francis loved the spot, for in that wild solitude he found a safe and quiet refuge where he could raise his heart to God in the contemplation of nature's enchantments. Here

he stayed several times ; here he received signal graces ; here God appeared several times to His servant and promised him great things ; but the greatest of all favours was undoubtedly the bestowal of the Stigmata.

COLLOQUY

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings and that preacheth....salvation, that saith to Sion : Thy God shall reign ! (Is. III. 7.)

O Francis, my Seraphic Father ! thy feet are beauteous as the feet of apostles ; yet more beauteous are thy stigmatized feet !

When, led by the light of heaven, inspired by God Himself, and old man laid the cloak from his own shoulders in the street of Assisi for thee to walk upon, it would almost seem as though he foresaw the glory of those feet of thine which still trod the flowery paths of earthly glory ; he foresaw that one day, Pietro Bernardone's son, following the Gospel teaching, would travel barefoot through the world, preaching penance and love, as our Blessed Saviour preached. I see thee, O my Father, going through the towns and villages of Umbria, and throughout Italy ; I see thee cross the Alps, and go even as far as Egypt, still barefoot, to bear the light of the Gospel and the Faith to barbarians as well as to civilized nations, and telling of peace and salvation to all. Ah ! thy feet are beautiful indeed !

I prostrate myself before thee : Let me lovingly kiss those feet which have borne the good tidings of the Gospel to all. And, since God has honoured them by the Stigmata, may I, O Father, honour thy Stigmata by embracing them and by my prayers.

PRACTICE.—Resolve to follow courageously the path of humility and self-denial ; the royal road of the Cross is the road to heaven.

PRAYER

ANTIPHON.—The Voice of the Cross speaks to him, saying thrice ; Make thyself ready ; go, Francis, and repair my house, which is falling into ruins.

V. Pray for us, O blessed Father St. Francis.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY.

O God Who hast in many ways shewn the wondrous mysteries of Thy Cross by Thy most devout confessor, blessed Francis ; grant that Thy servants may ever follow his example, and obtain strength by diligently meditating on the Cross. Through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen

## SECOND SUNDAY

### CONSIDERATION

Francis had gone several times to mount Alverna, as much in order to do penance there as to rest. His friend Orlando had caused a hut of branches to be constructed there, and from the moment of Francis' first appearance there, numbers of birds had come to greet him by their joyous singing, their tameness and their twittering.

In August, 1224, Francis, already worn by hardship, fasting and watching, felt impelled to go to mount Alverna for the fast of St. Michael. Taking with him two companions, Brothers Leo and Rufinus, he again climbed the steep hill-side, going all unconscious, up to his Calvary. He settled himself in the loneliest, wildest cave he could find, resolved to spend there his forty day's fast in the most complete separation from the world, and entirely wrapt in God and His love. Thence, learning by divine revelation that his beloved Brother Leo whom he liked to call God's little sheep, was sore beset by temptation, he sent him, written by his own hand, a blessing which delivered him from the tyranny of the devil. There it was that an angel, coming down from heaven, sat upon the stone that served Francis for a table and talked familiarly with the earthly Seraph.

The angel, among the divine secrets he revealed, promised Francis these three things : "The Order shall last to the end of time, purified from the dross of bad men who could not persevere in it. Persecutors of the Order shall not live long. Not one of those who truly love it shall be damned." (1)

There it was, too, that Leo saw his Father conversing with a mysterious Being, and heard him repeating from time to time, "Who art Thou, Lord; and what am I?" Then he saw him put his hand thrice into his bosom, and each time stretch it out towards a mystical flame, offering thus to Our Lord three pieces of gold miraculously formed in his breast, a figure of the three Religious Orders which had sprung from his burning heart, and which he gladly offered to Him Who is their true and only Author and Master. Francis, however, in his solitary meditations felt an ever greater attraction towards suffering and the cross. An Angel bade him seek in the Gospel to find out what Our Lord wanted of him; Thrice he opened the sacred book, and each time he opened it at the Passion of Christ; by this he understood that the Cross was to be his life, and his cry was, "My heart is ready O Lord, my heart is ready!"

Our Blessed Lord had, as it were, put the finishing touches to the proximate preparation of His servant. He now had but to imprint the sacred Stigmata on that virginal flesh, for Francis' heart was ready.

Like the feet of the Divine Shepherd, thy feet, O Seraphic Father, followed the lost sheep, and bled from the thorns along that narrow way, and were bruised by the sharp stones on the road : but, rejoicing at having found the stray sheep, thou didst carry it on thy shoulders to the fold. O blessed feet, which so carefully trod in the footsteps of the Saviour of men, following Him closely in the evangelical counsels, moulding thyself perfectly to the visible impress which the holy gospel retains ! O blessed feet of our Father, who has opened for us the whole path of duty, virtue, happiness, and shown us the way to heaven, we follow thee, not only by the perfume of thine aromatic ointment, but by the fresh traces of thy blood. Thy feet, O well-beloved father, have left a track of blood to tell us that if we would follow thee we must carry our cross ; we must suffer and die to save our soul, and follow thee thus to Calvary. O Father, since the blood of the Stigmata points out to us the way to heaven, obtain that we may follow it without ever turning aside to paths in which we should lose ourselves.

PRACTICE.—Let us have an ardent desire for the salvation of souls ; let us pray for missionaries, and help as far as lies in our power in mission work.

PRAYER

ANTIPHON.—O Francis, martyr by desire, how studiously and compassionately thou didst follow Him Whom, when thou openedst the sacred books, thou didst ever see in His Passion. Thou, beholding the hovering Seraph on the Cross, thenceforth didst bear in thy hands, thy side and thy feet, the likeness of Christ's wounds. Watch over thy flock, thou whose body, once emaciated and livid, assumed the beauty of a glorified body.

V. Francis, poor and humble, enters heaven loaded with riches.

R. Heavenly hymns are sung to greet him.

LET US PRAY.

O God who didst beautify the body of our blessed Father Francis with the marks of thy Son's passion, and who hast marvellously exalted his soul in heaven, mercifully grant that while we celebrate his memory, we may crucify our flesh and its vices, and be worthy to attain the heavenly country. Through our Lord Jesus Christ Thy Son, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Spirit, world without end. Amen.

## THIRD SUNDAY

## CONSIDERATION

“ At daybreak, about the feast of the exaltation of the Cross, the Seraphic Francis, as he was praying on the mountain side, suddenly saw, descending from heaven, a Seraph with six wings, fiery and shining. The Angel flew swiftly close to the man of God, and between the wings there appeared the likeness of One crucified, His extended hands and His feet nailed to the Cross. . . . Seeing this, he was greatly astonished, and was filled with both joy and sorrow. He rejoiced because of the beautiful and gracious vision in which Christ, under the form of a Seraph, manifested Himself to him ; he sorrowed, because of the suffering, of the nailing to the cross, and of the lance that pierced Our Lord's Heart. He wondered at the sight of this inscrutable vision, knowing not how to reconcile the sufferings of the Passion with the glories of the Beatific Vision. By a revelation from Our Lord. . . . he understood that it was not by bodily martyrdom, but by the fire of love, that he should be wholly transformed into the likeness of Christ crucified.

“ The vision disappeared, leaving in his heart a marvellous ardour and in his flesh a no less marvellous imprint of the Divine likeness.

There appeared immediately in his hands and feet the marks of the nails, on which he had gazed in the vision of the Crucifixion. His hands and feet were pierced through by nails, the heads of the nails appearing in the palm of the hand and on the upper surface of the foot; the heads of the nails were round and black, and their points long and, as it were, bent back. . . . On the side pierced by the lance, the red wound was large and open, and from it the blood often oozed on to his tunic and garments". (1)

The servant of Christ now bore in his flesh the visible imprint of the Sacred Stigmata.

What must have been Francis' astonishment, gratitude and profound humility when he found himself thus endowed with the painful Stigmata! Who can describe the struggle that took place in his soul, humility imposing silence, and gratitude loudly demanding that the favour should be made public? God, Who willed to give to His Church a fresh proof of the fruitfulness and diversity of His operations in dealing with His saints. Himself made known to the whole world the miracle wrought in the body of the humblest and most loving of His servants. The day will come when the whole Church will recognize and venerate the Stigmata of St Francis.

(1) St-Bonaventure. Life of St Francis.

## COLLEQUY

I come before thee to day ; O Seraphic Father, to venerate thy Sacred Stigmata. Withstand not the will of Our Divine Lord, but let me in all holy liberty venerate thy blessed hands,—hands so liberal in giving alms to the poor who came to the door of Pica, thy mother ; hands which repaired churches at the command of the miraculous crucifix ; hands which, after a lavish distribution of alms, carried a bowl from door to door, begging in that Umbrian city where thy talents had commanded admiration ; hands which so lovingly tended and healed poor lepers ! Oh let me venerate those benignant hands ! They clothed with sackcloth the first companions of thy evangelical life : they cut Blessed Clare's hair and that of her sister Agnes, placing the veil of virginity upon their head and girding them with the symbolic cord. O wonderful hands, distilling in the Church the myrrh of purest mortification !

Let me kiss thy hands, my Father, now especially, when beautified by the Stigmata of Christ.

PRACTICE.—Do not refuse an alms to the poor man when he asks it of us ; the hand he stretches out for it is the hand of Christ Himself.

## PRAYER

ANTIPHON.—O wonder and joy, O judge of the mind of men, thou art the chariot of our hosts, and the leader. Thy brethren saw thee transfig-

ured in their presence and borne in a chariot bright as the sun. On thee rested the two-fold spirit of the prophets, by thee the future was foretold. O Francis, our Father, help thy poor children, for the cry of thy flock sounds ever louder.

V. My hands dropped myrrh.

R. And my fingers are full of the choicest myrrh.

LET US PRAY.

O God, who by the merits of our blessed Father Francis hast given to the Church a new family, grant that in imitation of him we may despise earthly goods and rejoice ever in the participation of heavenly gifts, through Jesus Christ our Lord Amen.

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## FOURTH SUNDAY

### CONSIDERATION

When the Seraph had disappeared, Francis found that he bore in his flesh the seal of the living God. He feared to make known the secret of his King, yet he could not long hide these visible marks from the eyes of his companions. He consulted Bro. Illuminatus, one of his disciples, speaking as if in allusion to another person, but his emotion betrayed his secret. Bro. Illuminatus answered, "Remember, Father, that it is not for yourself alone, but for the sake of others also, that heavenly mysteries are revealed to you. If you keep them entirely to yourself, you will, methinks, have good reason to fear that God will one day ask you to give an account of your buried talent."

Struck by this reasoning, Francis narrated the miraculous vision, but he kept to himself the secrets revealed to him by the Angel of God.

His fast ended, he had to leave the mountain and return to his brethren, to take up again his apostolic work. Like another Moses, he came down from seeing God face to face, not only reflecting the splendour of that Divine light, but bearing in his body the wounds of the Crucified. For two years still his life was to be a constant martyrdom ; he was to endure untold suffering in

union with Him Who had died for him. Like the great Apostle St. Paul, and with even more reason he might have said: "With Christ I am nailed to the Cross. . . . I bear the marks of the Lord Jesus in my body." (Gal. II. 19; VI. 17.)

In vain Francis kept his hands always covered, and used shoes in walking; he could not entirely conceal heaven's gifts. A great number of the Brethren, several cardinals and Pope Alexander IV. himself, affirmed on oath that they had with their own eyes seen the Stigmata of the saint whilst he was yet living. At his death more than fifty Brothers, the holy virgin Clare and her sisters, and numbers of the laity touched them with their hands, and reverently kissed them, so that nothing might be wanting to strengthen their evidence.

"But he hid with care the wound in his side, so that while he lived, none could see it except unknown to him." (1)

During these two last years of his life he, a living crucifix, continued, as far as his strength permitted, to visit the villages of Umbria. All desired to see and do honour to the wonderful man who bore in his body the likeness of Christ crucified; all wished to kiss his hands, but he kept them carefully covered, his humility thus guarding them from these pious demonstrations.

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(1) St-Bonaventure. Ch. XIII.

Notwithstanding this, some innocent doves would occasionally get the better of his vigilance, and allowed the fortunate people who came near to serve him to catch a momentary glimpse of the Sacred Stigmata.

#### COLLECTA

Jacob, blind and at the point of death, stretched out his weak hands over his children, to draw down heaven's blessing upon them. O Seraphic Father, thou, too, when about to give up thy soul to its Creator, didst stretch forth thy stigmatized hands over those around and, as it were, over those who should come after them from generation to generation, and perpetuate thy family and thy way of life, and thus thou hast stretched them out over us also ! O Father, lay thy crossed hands, pierced with the nails of Calvary, lay them on our head !

May rays of light stream from those wounds, to give light to the work of our hands ; may they shed beneficial warmth to infuse a more holy, more active life. Bless us with those hands so often raised to God in prayer and supplication, and from thy high place in heaven raise them ever to God for us, entreating Him for thy poor exiled children. More powerful than Moses' hands, they will obtain victory for us who fight in the plain. The God Who impressed on thee the Stigmata will be touched by the sight of thy wounds, so like to His Own.

PRACTICE.—We must remember that God has ordained that we should work : it is at once our punishment and our glory : let us never refuse that work, and may our labours be always worthy of being offered to God.

PRAYER

ANTIPHON.—O Saint Francis, man of wonders and miracles, who dost drive away all kinds of sloth, before whom devils flee away, who dost make thy preaching heard even by the birds of the woods. O enviable life, which has given such strength to our faith ! O thou who, even after thy death didst raise the dead to life, obtain, O Francis, that we may join the company of Saints in the eternal country whither thou thyself hast gone.

V. Thou hast pierced me with Thy arrows.

R. And thy hand was heavy upon me.

LET US PRAY. (1)

O God of ineffable power Whose Providence governs every moment of our life, graciously listen to the prayers of Thy servants, and grant that while they venerate the memory of thy glorious confessor St. Francis, they may through his great merit be admitted to the contemplation of the splendid Majesty of Thy Only Son. Who liveth and reigneth with Thee for ever and ever. Amen.

(1) From the Franciscan Liturgy.

## FIFTH SUNDAY

### CONSIDERATION

St. Francis died on the 3rd of October 126. Ever faithful to God Who had impressed upon him the Stigmata, ever a passionate lover of the Cross, he had desired that he should be laid on ashes upon the ground, and that he should be left thus, with arms outstretched in the form of a cross, so as to be like Our Divine Lord, Who died on Calvary for the salvation of the world.

In that lifeless body, whence the soul had flown singing the hymn of deliverance, there remained the indubitable signs of predestination.

There was now nothing to prevent the faithful from gazing at those miraculous wounds which Christ Himself had, on mount Alverna, imprinted on the body of His servant. In Francis' hands and feet could be seen the nails, fashioned from his flesh by Divine power, and so adherent that, when pressed on one side, they protruded at the other. There was now nothing to hinder the contemplation, especially of the wound in his side, which his humility had kept so carefully hidden during his life. On his marble-white flesh, made whiter still by death, the wound showed like a rose newly opened in the morning dew : the nails were of a greyish iron colour. Francis had, like

Jesus, an unbelieving Thomas. A knight named Jerome wished to examine the wonder more closely: he touched the nails, he put his finger into the bleeding wound in the side, and later he was able to bear uncontrovertible witness of the reality of the miracle.

On October 4th, the day of the funeral, the triumphal procession halted at the Poor Clare Monastery, and the holy Nuns, who had left all, at Francis' 41, were able to gaze for the last time on their Father. Clare, at the head of her daughters, her heart full of sorrow at the loss of her spiritual Father, came with great devotion to kiss those miraculous wounds which in themselves testified to the holiness of St. Francis. She tried, but in vain, to detach one of the sacred nails from the hand of her beloved Father, that she might keep it as a relic; but her filial piety was not altogether disappointed, for she was able to dip some pieces of linen in the blood which flowed from the wounds.

The authenticity of St. Francis' Stigmata has been attested not only by the evidence of eye-witnesses, but also by the pronouncement of the Church. Gregory IX. and later, Alexander IV. published bulls in which, after mature deliberation and examination that defies criticism, they declared the truth of the miracle. Benedict XI. desired that in every house of the Franciscan Order the Feast of the Stigmata should be kept

on the 17th of September, and the observance of the feast was extended to the whole Church by Paul V.

#### COLLOQUY

O Father ! could I prostrate myself at your feet and lovingly embrace them, could I receive from your stigmatised hands their fruitful blessing which brings light and grace ! Oh ! let me above all venerate your heart, pierced as was Jesus' heart : may I press my lips to that blessed wound which leads me to the sanctuary of your love. You so loved created nature which praises and proclaims God ; you so loved souls, bought by the redeeming Blood of Christ ; you so loved Mary, God's Mother and ours, and above all things you so loved Jesus ! O Seraphic Father, name merited by your love, may I love all that you have loved ! Give me that burning flame which burned in your heart glowing with a divine charity, in the canticles where you strove against that very Love which overthrew and wounded you, making you His prisoner and His victim. Divine love condemns you to be consumed by its fire ; and under its sway which tortures your heart, permits you to live only upon that loving torment. Give to all your children a share of the inextinguishable fire of Seraphic love, that they may imitate your Seraphic ardour.

PRACTICE. — Let our heart be detached from all earthly love, that we may love Jesus only, our supreme good. Our heart is made for God alone.

PRAYER

ANTIPHON.—Hail, holy Father, light of thy country, model of the Friars Minor, mirror of virtue, way of justice, rule of morals. lead us from this exile to the heavenly Kingdom.

V. My heart and my flesh.

R. Shall rejoice in the living God.

LET US PRAY.

(1) O God, Who didst give to the soul of blessed Father Francis the reward of eter life, mercifully grant that we who piously celebrate the memory of his passing, may deserve happily to attain the same blessedness of reward. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(1) Office of the Transitus.



SEPTEMBER 17th.

## FEAST OF THE SACRED STIGMATA

### CONSIDERATION

The death of our Seraphic Father did not stay the beneficent action of the Stigmata. A halo of graces continued to shine from those wounds, upon the devout clients of St Francis who invoked him with confidence. This feeling of filial confidence arose quite naturally from the power given in heaven by God to His faithful servant. Christ Himself bestowed this favour as an heritage on the Patriarch of the Poor on the day that he received the Stigmata, and that secret was not revealed by Francis till his death.

A holy Friar when reading in the life of St Francis the chapter on the Stigmata, wondered what words and what hidden things could have been spoken by the Seraph during that glorious apparition. He said to himself, "St. Francis never would repeat these words to any one during his life, but now, after his death, he might perhaps tell them, if one asked him very fervently".

From that time he prayed to God and to St. Francis to vouchsafe to reveal this matter to him for the consolation of his children. For eight years the Friar persevered in his prayer.

One day, as he was praying even more devoutly than usual, one of the Friars called him to ask him to go out with him. As he was going out, which he did from obedience, he met at the door two Friars Minor who seemed as though they had been a long journey. He offered, with the Superior's permission, to wash the travellers' feet, and whilst kneeling before them the holy Friar saw, on the feet of the elder of the two, under the mud which covered them, the sacred Stigmata. Filled with delight he exclaimed, "You are either Christ Himself, or St. Francis!" The Seraphic Patriarch then made known to him what he had so long desired to hear, saying, "You must know, dear Brother, that when I was on Mount Alverna, wholly absorbed in the thought of Christ's Passion, I received thus the Stigmata in my flesh from Christ Himself, during that seraphic vision.

"Then Christ said to me, "Knowest thou what I have just done to thee? I have given thee the marks of My Passion, that thou mayest be My standard bearer. On the day of My death I descended to Limbo, and I took thence and led to Paradise, through the virtue of My Stigmata, all the souls whom I found there; in the same way I grant thee from this moment that thou mayest

be like Me in death, as thou wast in life, that every year when thou shalt have quitted this life, thou mayest go to Purgatory on the anniversary of thy death. Thence thou mayest take to Paradise the souls thou wilt find there of all who have belonged to the Three Orders, Friars Minor, Nuns, and those of the order of Penance, and besides these, the souls of all who have been thy devout clients ; and this in virtue of the Stigmata which I have bestowed on thee." I never repeated these words so long as I lived in the world."

Eight Friars who stood round the Religious who was washing our Seraphic Father's feet heard this revelation made, and testified it afterwards.

O Father ! how great is your power in heaven ! you are seated on the glorious throne that Lucifer, the proud one, left ; it was allotted to you for your humility (1). I see the clear shining that surrounds you, and in its dazzling brightness are glowing your sacred Stigmata, the jewels with which Christ adorned your virginal flesh. How repeatedly, prostrate before the throne of God's Divine Majesty, have you not arrested His justly aroused wrath against men ! For sinners you crave pardon ; for tepid religious, fervour ; for the fervent, a twofold increase of generosity, offering yourself as their guide in the path of divine love.

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(1) This was revealed to St. Margaret of Cortona. Cf. her life by Giovagnoli, Ch. XII.

The Heart of Jesus Himself places you before His chosen ones as the most perfect model of the love due to Him (1.)

Have not I myself often experienced the effects of your powerful intercession? O Seraphic Father, the Christ of Umbria, stigmatised on mount Alverna, I turn to you, imploring your help and recommending to you my pressing needs. I am your child. Go once more to the throne of grace and by the merits of your sacred Stigmata ask for me pardon, fervour and love. At my last hour, come to enlighten the dark shades of death with the bright shining of your blessed wounds, and bring me near to you in our heavenly home.

PRACTICE.—Let us be faithful in the smallest things, so as to avoid purgatory, and not bring sadness to the Heart of our Blessed Lord.

#### PRAYER

ANTIPHON.—The glory of the heavens has brightened, a new star is shining: Francis has come, he to whom a Seraph appeared, impressing on his hands and feet and side those divine wounds, for he desired to bear the image of the cross in his heart, on his lips and in his works.

(1) Revelation accorded to Blessed Margaret-Mary. Her Life and Works 1686.

V. Lord, Thou hast marked Thy servant Francis.

R. With the seal of our Redemption.

LET US PRAY.

O Lord Jesus Christ, Who, when the world was growing cold, didst renew the Stigmata of Thy Passion in the flesh of our most blessed Father St. Francis, in order to set our hearts on fire with love for Thee, deign to grant us, through his merits and his prayers, the grace to carry our cross with perseverance and to produce worthy fruits of penance. Thou Who livest and reignest in the ages of ages. Amen.

On the Relic of the blood from St. Francis'  
Stigmata, preserved in the Convent  
of Friars Minor, Quebec.

Our Divine Redeemer, to shew His tender love for St. Francis, as well as to reward the great devotion of His servant to His most sorrowful Passion, imprinted in the flesh of the Seraphic Patriarch the sacred Wounds of His Crucifixion. For more than two years Francis lived, a crucified man. After his death his Stigmata were seen by his numerous disciples and by the vast crowd that gathered at Assisi. Several times the blood flowed from those miraculous wounds, and those present were able to secure it and treasure it for the veneration of generations to come. (1).

A relic of this blessed blood which flowed from St. Francis' Stigmata, forms the greatest treasure of the Friars Minor of the Convent at Quebec. It was given in 1902 by Mgr. Potron, titular Bishop of Jericho, of the Order of Friars Minor, who himself received it from our convent at Alverna. It is enclosed in an enamelled reliquary, made in Paris under the direction of Very Rev. Leonard Hennion, Provincial of the Friars Minor and Commissary General of the Holy Land.

(1) At the sanctuary of Alverna the blood thus preserved has several times regained its colour and has liquefied. (See the "*Revue du Tiers-Ordre*," 1906, p. 418).

The convent of Quebec has been dedicated by special desire to the Stigmata of our Seraphic Father. By this splendid gift of the blood from his sacred wounds, St. Francis has bestowed the crowning favour to the many with which he has blessed the foundation of this Friary : and at the same time he has given a pledge of fresh benefits which he is preparing for us.

The holy relic is carried in procession every month through the chapel and the cloisters and is brought to be venerated by the laity : on St. Francis' feast days it is exposed during the whole day.

When the day chosen by Providence arrives, the children of St. Francis hope to be able to satisfy their pious devotion by building a modest chapel where the precious relic may be specially honoured. The ever abundant charity of the children and friends of our Seraphic Father will not fail, we hope to accomplish this work of filial piety.





RELIC OF B. GOD FROM THE SIRMATA OF ST. FRANCIS

*Preserved in the Convent of the  
Filles de Marie, Quebec.*

This little book is offered to the Benefactors of  
the Church of the Sacred Stigmata of St. Francis,  
Quebec. Alms for the construction to be kindly  
forwarded to :

M. l'Abbé L.-H. PAQUET, Priest,  
Apostolic Syndic of the Friars Minor,  
180, Grande Allée,  
Quebec,  
Canada.

TYP. LA CIE D'IMPRIMERIE COMMERCIALE  
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